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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1765, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight pages filled with interesting reading, editorial, State, local and general news, well selected, miscellaneous and valuable features and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

CENSUS RETURNS OF NEWPORT COUNTY

The population of the cities and towns in Rhode Island that thus far have been reported by the census bureau are not at all satisfactory, though most of them show an increase over 1910, but less than the State census of 1915. The total population of Newport County is given as 42,893, a gain of 9.04 per cent. Newport city is given a gain of 3100 or 11.2-10 per cent. The total population of the city reported in 1920 is 30,255; in 1910 it was 27,149; in 1915 the State census gave it a population of 30,472.

The population of Newport by wards as follows: First ward 3406, Second ward 10,345, Third ward 5,960, Fourth ward 5,242, and Fifth ward 5,302.

Jamestown is given credit for 1633 persons, as compared with 1337 in 1910, a gain of 36.8 per cent.; Little Compton 1389, as compared with 1276 in 1910, a gain of 11.3 or 8.8 per cent.; Middletown is given 2094, as against 1708 in 1910, a gain of 386 or 22.6 per cent.; New Shoreham has 1038, a loss of 276 or 26.6 per cent. from the 1314 credited in 1910.

Portsmouth also shows a loss, the present census giving 2530, while that of 1910 gave 2681, a decrease of 91 or 3.5 per cent. Tiverton, with 3891, shows an increase of 862 over the 1910 census of 3032, or 2.8 per cent.

Florence, the three-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Davis of Tiverton, was instantly killed near her home in that town on Tuesday, when she ran in front of an automobile driven by Miss Janis Waring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Waring of Tiverton. The fatality was wholly unavoidable and no blame whatever attaches to Miss Waring. The victim of the accident was a grandchild of the late Captain Nathaniel Church, who was well known in Newport as well as throughout the State.

J. C. Bills, representing a large theatrical syndicate, has taken a lease of the Colonial Theatre in this city for a term of years, and will continue to operate the theatre along somewhat similar lines to the past. The theatre is owned by the Newport Industrial Company, which built the building and has since operated it with considerable financial success. Colonel Herbert Bliss is the president of the Company and Mr. Herbert A. Kauli has been manager of the theatre from the first.

The Retail Clerks Association seems to be in conflict with some of the other union organizations over the new co-operative store recently opened on Thames street. The store was planned primarily for the benefit of union members, who are stockholders, and is run by a board of directors. The Retail Clerks Association protests against these directors doing the work of clerks and also against overtime delivery of orders.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Drake, who has been spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. (Captain) Adelbert Althouse, was the purchaser of the Corlazzo property on the Cliffs which was sold at public auction on Tuesday. The bidding was quite lively, the purchase price being \$10,100. The property includes 36,000 square feet of land and a house of 19 rooms.

Dr. and Mrs. William A. Sherman have moved into their new home at Broadway and Rhode Island avenue, formerly owned by the late Thomas A. Lawton. During the war this building was used as an annex to the nurses' home for the Naval Hospital, and much repair was necessary before the new owners could move in.

TWO-ALARM FIRE

A portion of the old Newport Engineering Works building was badly damaged by fire of unknown origin late Tuesday afternoon, the situation appearing so dangerous that a second alarm was sounded within a few minutes after the first. The second floor of the building was well gutted, and it may not be possible to rebuild it under the present building laws of the city.

It was shortly before five o'clock Tuesday afternoon that smoke and flames were seen to be coming out of the machine shop portion of the old Engineering Works plant and an alarm was pulled from box 411. As soon as Chief Kirwin arrived he saw that more men and more hose would be needed to cope with the situation and a second alarm was at once sounded, calling all the active apparatus of the local department. Incidentally it called a large gathering of spectators, drawn by the smoke, who succeeded in getting in the way of the firemen and apparatus, and some of whom were thoroughly drenched by the hose streams.

When the firemen arrived flames were bursting through the building in various places, the oil-soaked floors having caused a rapid spread of the flames. As soon as the hose was laid and the two pumpers hooked on to the hydrants, powerful streams of water quickly beat down the fire and the spectacular part was soon over. The firemen had considerable work to do, however, and it was some time before the recall sounded, and much later before the last company left the scene.

The cause of the fire is unknown. It originated on the second floor of the building that was formerly the machine shop of the Engineering Works and which during the war was occupied by the Material Section of the Naval Reserve Force. After the war the property was sold at auction by Mr. A. Livingston Mason, and this was bought by William J. Dunn of Fall River. It had not been occupied since the Naval Reserves left, and it was said by neighbors that boys were accustomed to gather there.

A few hours before the fire Mr. Franklin C. Parsonage had taken a client through the property for an inspection, with the possible idea of establishing manufacturing business there from out of town. Whether the client would have taken the property or not cannot be said, but in any event, it was regarded as desirable property for manufacturing purposes and it is considered a loss to the community.

This fire demonstrated that some means needs to be taken to control the automobileists who flock after the apparatus. When the engines went down on the first alarm, hundreds of machines crowded after them, with the result that when the second alarm sounded they were very much in the way of the later engines. Similar trouble was encountered by the firemen on the occasion of the destruction of the Andrews residence on Maple avenue, but as that was practically in the country there was more excuse for mix-ups.

NAVY ATHLETES SAIL

The U. S. S. Frederick sailed from Newport harbor on Tuesday on its way to Antwerp, carrying the Navy athletes who will take part in the Olympic games. It is planned to publish a daily newspaper on board the ship and before sailing a Paymaster visited the Mercury office and bought a supply of type and accessories. The accommodations on board ship were taxed to their utmost capacity to carry all the passengers and their equipment, a number of automobiles being included in the cargo. The Frederick is expected to return in about two months.

Mr. Patrick H. Horgan has been selected as the third member of the board of arbitration to consider the demand of the employees of the Bay State Street Railway Company for an increase in wages. It is expected that the board will get down to business in a very short time.

Mr. William P. Sheffield of this city was elected Department Commander of the American Legion at the annual session of the Department of Rhode Island last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Sheffield has been Commander of New-Post since it was instituted.

Mr. Hiram G. Burns of this city was united in marriage in New York on July 22 to Miss Ellen A. Genders, who was formerly a member of the Nurses Training School at the Newport Post.

The engineer department of the army is doing a large amount of work on the Lippincott property near Beavertail on Conanicut Island, and rumor has it that an air station is being built

NEWPORTER KILLED

Barney Mirman of this city, an employee of the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company of Newport, was instantly killed in Tiverton last Saturday afternoon, and Miss Anne Zellermeyer of Providence was severely injured in an automobile accident. The accident occurred when Mirman attempted to pass a car going in the same direction, but seeing another car approaching he attempted to swing back into line when he was caught in the car track and was struck by the approaching car. His car was turned over and Mirman was instantly killed while his companion was picked up and hurried to the Union Hospital in Fall River. She is now on the road to complete recovery.

The young man's employers sent out to Tiverton immediately upon learning of the accident and gave orders to have everything possible done. The body was brought back to Newport and was interred in the Jewish cemetery on Sunday afternoon.

Mirman was a veteran of the World War, having served in France, where he was gassed and shell-shocked. He also served for time with the Army of Occupation. He was about 27 years of age and had been employed as candy salesman of the Standard Company. He was well liked and had a wide circle of friends.

CITY BUILDINGS SOLD

The buildings on the Central street property where the Rogers High School addition will be erected, were sold at public auction on Saturday afternoon, and brought very good prices. It was the understanding of the purchasers that the buildings could be removed from their present location to other sites, instead of being torn down. However, it will be necessary to secure the usual permits and to comply with all regulations before they can be moved. All the buildings found purchasers except the Bull garage, which was considered to be too expensive a proposition to tear down to warrant a bid.

Nathan Ball secured the Root garage and apartment for \$220. Max Teitz bought the O. F. Wilcox barn for \$100. Constant Smith secured the Pike house for \$1200. William S. Rogers was the purchaser of the Kimball residence for \$2525, after lively competition, and Morris David bought the Austin house for \$3160, meeting with strenuous opposition. The Swan house went to Nathan Ball for \$1000.

The sale of these buildings brings the net cost to the city for the land down to about \$60,000.

SHRINERS COMING

Plans are well advanced for the outing of the Shriners of New England at Newport Beach on August 14th, and it will doubtless be the largest gathering of members of the order ever seen in Newport. Palestine Temple of Providence will bring down a large delegation and the other Temples throughout New England are expected to be well represented.

The competitive drill at the Beach promises to be an interesting feature of the occasion, three prizes being offered. The Patrol of Palestine Temple will not enter into the competition, being the hosts of the occasion, but will give an exhibition drill. The famous Palestine Temple Band will come, and it is expected that each of the visiting Temples will bring their own band. A short street parade will be a feature of the occasion.

Miss Alice Hammett, for a number of years a teacher in the Newport public schools, died in Providence on Tuesday after a long illness. She retired from active teaching some twenty years ago because of ill health. She was a daughter of the late Nathaniel and Catherine C. Hammett, and is survived by two sisters, Miss Elizabeth Hammett and Mrs. R. Clarence Brown, both now living in Providence. She was in her seventy-second year.

Ridgeway N. Sparks, chief electrician in the navy, is again in trouble, after having been tried recently on a charge of manslaughter. He is charged with several offenses, involving the injury of a small boy while operating a motorcycle on Thames street.

Soon after midnight Monday morning, evidence of breaking into Frant's loan office on Thames street led to an investigation and it was found that goods to the value of approximately \$150 had been stolen. The police have been making a thorough investigation.

The Seventh Artillery Band has returned to Fort Adams after a tour of duty at Camp Devens on recruiting service.

RUMORS OF FACTORIES

The recent sale of the Ernst Voigt and Anthony Stewart farms in Middlebury to an unknown purchaser has given rise to much conjecture as to the use to which they are to be devoted. Speculation is rife and some very improbable rumors have been in circulation, due to thoughts of what might be rather than to actual facts. However, the farms constitute a large and very valuable tract of land, having a considerable frontage on the Bay, and adjoining the tracks of the New Haven railroad. A large manufacturing plant has been suggested, and a large oil station similar to those that have been erected further up the Bay within the past few years, has also been spoken of. The fact that Henry Ford of Detroit has been in the city this week on a yachting trip has served to connect his name with this purchase, and the rumors in this connection vary from a large branch of the Ford factory to an elaborate summer residence for himself.

However, the unknown purchaser doubtless has his plans well developed, and they will be divulged in due time. Something more important than farm property will probably emerge from the deal for the farms are strategically situated to be used for many different purposes.

VOTING DISTRICTS COMING

As was stated in the Mercury some weeks ago, the board of canvassers will probably find it necessary to divide the larger wards of the city into voting districts in order to avoid congestion at the polls on voting day. Tentative plans have already been made for dividing the second, third, and fourth wards, which are out of all proportion to the size of the other wards. This division will not affect the election or eligibility of any candidate, as the board has no authority to change ward lines, but simply to arrange voting precincts for the more efficient handling of the voters.

It was at first suggested that separate voting places might be established for the women, in order to avoid congestion, but it is found that this is not possible under the law. Both men and women will have to deposit their ballots at the same polling places, but the women's names will be on separate lists and their ballots will be of a different color from those of the men. An effort will be made to encourage the women to vote at hours when there is usually a relaxation from the usual rush.

FALL RIVER POLICE OUTING

Nearly fifty members of the Fall River police department, headed by Chief Feeney, came to Newport on Thursday and had a day's outing as guests of the Newport police department. They were royally treated and every man enjoyed the day in the city by the sea. Upon arriving here at noon the party proceeded to Freebody Park, where a ball game was scheduled between the Fall River and Newport departments, in which the former won by the score of ten to three in five innings.

The next objective was the Beach, where an excellent dinner was served at 3:30, after which other sports were in order. The tug of war went to the Newport department, the local men pulling their husky opponents several feet over the line. A large gathering of spectators watched the athletes in various sports.

The newly renovated rooms of the Chamber of Commerce in the Sherman building were given a formal opening on Thursday evening, when a large number of members of the Chamber assembled to join in the festivities of the occasion. All had an opportunity to inspect the rooms, and there was an interesting program of music, several of the numbers being furnished by professional entertainers from the local theatres. Light refreshments were served.

A tentative draft of the plans for the new Sheffield school building on outer Broadway was submitted to the committee from the board of aldermen and representatives of the school department by Architect Thomas L. S. Weaver on Wednesday evening. A few changes were suggested and after these are made by the architect the plans will probably be approved.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Florence Vera Barr, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. Harold V. Barr, and Mr. Augustin Charles Titus, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Titus.

The Newport branch of the Ostby-Barton Company of Providence has closed down for about two weeks to allow of the arrival of more materials here.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The session of the Board of Aldermen on Thursday evening was not a very long one. There was a discussion over the subject of coal for the city, and Mr. Robert S. Hayes and Mr. Carl Jurgens both explained the situation. It was decided not to place a contract immediately, but to wait a few days to investigate further.

Reports were received from the inspector of nuisances and the street commissioner over the gas odor in lower Thames street, and it was voted to notify the Gas Company that drippings must not be turned into the sewer.

There was also a report from the board of health on the milk supply of the city and the board was invited to inspect the various pasteurizing plants in the city.

Six men were elected to the eligible list for the fire department, and some routine business was disposed of.

TO RAISE FARES

The Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island has granted permission to the Newport & Providence Railway to raise its fares to eight cents for each zone. This brings its zone rate to the same as that of the Bay State Street Railway. The Providence road has been operating one-man cars on its Training Station line in this city for some time, and has a number of the larger cars now equipped for this form of service. During the summer rush it is doubtful if the through cars between Newport and Bristol Ferry are reduced to one man, but in the fall the service will probably become general throughout the system. Travel is not as heavy as it was during the war, when thousands of soldiers and sailors patronized both systems regularly.

MISS HATTIE C. TITCOMB

Miss Hattie C. Titcomb, for many years a clerk in the office of the City Clerk, died at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday after a short illness. She was found unconscious in her home near Hope street where she lived alone and was hurried to the Hospital, where her death followed in a short time.

Miss Titcomb resigned from the City Clerk's office some years ago, and was for a time employed on the Daily News, leaving there some two years ago because of ill health. She lived alone, having no immediate family. Her father, the late Enoch Titcomb, was formerly the driver of the stage between Newport and Tiverton.

PORSCHEMTH

(From our regular correspondent) Mrs. Frances Taylor of Providence is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony at Sycamore Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott J. Soule of Child street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Hannah Millard of Tiverton is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Isaac C. Gray.

The guild of St. Paul's Church held its annual picnic Wednesday at Mrs. Alexander Boone's (Lillian Wheeler) at Bristol Ferry. As Mrs. Boone's place is directly on the shore front, everyone was invited to be sure and bring their bathing suit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Downing have moved into the upper tenement of the Chase homestead, where Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chase have recently moved into the lower tenement.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith and sons, Allen and William, have returned from a trip to Hartford and Mt. Tom.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dickson, nee Edna Malone of Howard, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Malone at Lawrence Farm.

Miss Rachel Tallman of Fall River, who is visiting Miss Estelle Cornell in Newport, visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dyer.

The hydroplane that has been making trips from Stone Bridge vicinity draws large crowds whenever there are flights. Sunday there were ten thousand people near the spot.

The St. Mary and Holy Cross churches held their annual lawn party this afternoon on the grounds at St. Mary's Rectory. The grounds were very prettily decorated with Chinese lanterns and flags. There were quantities of flowers in the booths and on the tables. There was a very large attendance, over 300 supper tickets being sold. The supper tables were set on the lawn a short distance from the house and the food was served from tents. Mrs. DeBlois, Mrs. John Anthony, Mrs. John Spooner, Mrs. Pascal Conley and Miss Arvesta Champlin had charge of bread, rolls, coffee, cream and butter; Mrs. John E. Manchester and Mrs. John A. Elliott, salad; Mrs. Harold Dillon and Mrs. Dan Chase, candy; Mrs. Philip Wilbur, ice cream; Mrs. Dan Harrington, fruit punch; Mrs. John A. Elliott, Mrs. G. B. Elliott, sand tches; Mrs. Geo. Thurston, Mrs. B. Gifford, Mrs. Fred Coggeshall, cake; Ruth Bone,

The lower grades at the Berkeley promise to be abnormally large the coming year, and to remedy the congestion there is talk of dividing the fifth and A and B classes or else requiring the primary school to include the fourth, besides the first three grades they are now teaching. The matter can hardly be decided, however, until school opens in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Widener of Philadelphia are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillon.

Julia Bone, flowers; Mary Manchester, Dorothy Smith and Cornelia Smith, toys; Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. Lewis Manchester, fancy work; Mrs. John R. Manchester, Mrs. Wm. G. Abbott, arogs; Mrs. Charles Weaver, tea; and Mrs. James Parker, cold coffee.

The GREAT SHADOW

by A. CONAN DOYLE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES"

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CHAPTER I.

The Night of the Beacons.

It is strange to me, Jack Calder of West Inch, to feel that though now, in the very center of the nineteenth century, I am but five-and-fifty years of age, and though it is only once a week, perhaps, that my wife can pluck out a little gray brioche from over my ear, yet I have lived in a time when the thoughts and the ways of men were as different as though it were another planet from this. For when I walk in my fields I can see, down Berwick way, the little tufts of white smoke which tell me of this strange, new, hundred-legged beast with coals for food and a thousand men in its belly, forever crawling over the border. On a shiny day I can see the glint of the brass work as it takes the curve near Corfe Castle. And then, as I look out to sea, there is the same beast again, or a dozen of them, maybe, leaving a trail of black in the sky and of white in the water, and swimming in the face of the wind as easily as a salmon up the Tweed. Such a sight as that would have struck my good old father speechless with wrath as well as surprise, for he was so stricken with the fear of offending the Creator that he was chary of contending Nature, and always held the new thing to be nearly akin to the blasphemous. As long as God made the horse, and a man, down Birming-ham way, the engine, my good old dad would have stuck by the saddle and the spurs.

When he died we had been fighting with scarce a break, save for two short years, for very nearly a quarter of a century. Babies who were born in the year grew to be herring men with bubbles of their own, and still the war continued. Those who had served and fought in their stalwart prime grew stiff and bent, and yet the ships and the armies were struggling. During that long time we fought the Dutch, we fought the Danes, we fought the Spanish, we fought the Turks, we fought the Americans, we fought the Montevideans, until it seemed that in this universal struggle no race was too near of kin or too far away to be drawn into the quarrel. But most of all it was the French whom we fought, and the man whom of all others we loathed and feared and admired was the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man groping for his musket. He had always won. That was the terror of it. The fates seemed to be behind him. And now we know that he lay upon the northern coast with a hundred and fifty thousand veterans, and the boats for their passage. But it is an old story how a third of the grown folk of our country took up arms, and how our little one-eyed, one-armed man crushed their fleet. There was still to be a land of free thinking and free speaking in Europe.

There was a great beacon ready on the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of logs and tar barrels, and I can well remember, how night after night I strained my eyes to see if it were ablaze. I was only eight at the time, but it is an age when one takes a grief to heart, and I felt as though the fate of the country hung in some fashion upon me and my vigilance. And then one night as I looked I suddenly saw a little flicker on the beacon hill—a single red tongue of flame in the darkness. And then the flame shot higher, and I saw the red, quivering line upon the water beyond, and I dashed into the kitchen, screeching to my father that the French had crossed and the Tweedmouth light was a flame. I can see him now as he knocked his pipe out at the side of the fire, and looked at me from over the top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jock?" says he.

"Sure as death," I gasped.

He reached out his hand for the Bible upon the table and opened it upon his knee as though he meant to read to us, but he shut it again in silence and hurried out. We went down to the gate which opens out upon the highway. From there we could see the red light of the big beacon, and the glimmer of a smaller one to the north of us at Ayton. The old road had more folk on it than ever passed along it at night before, for many of the young up our way had enrolled themselves and were riding now as fast as hoof could carry them for the muster. Some had a stirrup cap or two before parting, and I cannot forget one who tore past on a huge white horse, brandishing a great rusty sword in the moonlight. They shouted to us, as they passed, that the North Berwick law-fire was blazing, and that it was thought that the alarm had come from Edinburgh castle. There were a few who called the other way, couriers for Edinburgh, and the Laird's son and Master Clayton, the Deputy Sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our mistake set it right. It was gray and

cold, and my mother had gone up to the house to make a pot of tea for us, when there came a gig down the road with Doctor Horscroft of Ayton in it and his son Jim. The collar of the doctor's coat came over his ears, and he looked in a deadly black humor, for Jim, who was but fifteen years of age, had trooped off to Berwick at the first alarm with his father's new fowling piece. All night his dad had chased him, and now there he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of the stolen gun slicking out from behind the seat. He looked as sulky as his father, with his hands thrust into his side pockets, his brows drawn down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor, as he passed. "There has been no finding, and all the fools in Scotland have been gadding about the roads for nothing!" His son Jim snarled something up at him on this, and his father struck him a blow with his clenched fist on the side of the head, which sent the boy's chin forward upon his breast as though he had been stunned.

Now all this has little enough to do with what I took my pen up to tell about; but when a man has a good memory and little skill he cannot draw one thought from his mind without a dozen others trailing out behind it. And yet, now that I come to think of it, this had something to do with it after all; for Jim Horscroft had so readily a quarrel with his father that he was packed off to Birtwhistle's Berwick academy; and as my father had long wished me to go there he took advantage of this chance to send me also.

There was from the first a great friendship between Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, and me. He was cock boy of the school from the day he came, for within the hour he threw Barton, who had been cock before him, right through the big blackboard in the classroom. Jim always ran to muscle and bone, and even then he was square and tall, short of speech and long of arm; much given to lounging with his broad back against walls, and his hands deep in his breeches pockets. I can even recall that he had a trick of keeping a straw in the corner of his mouth, just where he used afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was always the same, for good and for bad, since first I knew him.

Heavens! How we all looked up to him! We were but young savages, and had a savage's respect for power. What tales we used to whisper about his strength; how he put his fist through the oak panel of the game-room door. How when Long Merlede was carrying the ball, he caught up Merlede, ball and all, and ran swiftly past every opponent to the goal. It did not seem fit to us that such a one as he should trouble his head about spindles and darts, or care to know who signed the Magna Charta. When he said in open class that King Alfred was the man, we little boys all felt that very likely it was so, and that perhaps Jim knew more about it than the man who wrote the book.

For two years we were close friends, for all the gap that the years had made between us, and, though in passion or in want of thought he did many a thing that galled me, yet I loved him like a brother, and wot as much as would fill an ink bottle when at last, after two years, he went off to Edinburgh to study his father's profession. Five years after that did I ride at Birtwhistle's, and when I left I had become cock myself, for I was as wiry and as tough as whalebone, though I never ran to weight and sinew, like my great predecessor. It was in Jubilee year that I left Birtwhistle's, and then for three years I stayed at home, learning the ways of the cattle; but still the ships and the armies were wrestling, and still the great shadow of Bonaparte lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too, should have a hand in lifting that shadow forever from our people?

CHAPTER II.

Cousin Edie of Eyemouth.

Some years before, when I was still but a lad, there had come over to us upon a five weeks' visit the only daughter of my father's brother, Willie Calder had settled at Eyemouth as a maker of fishing nets, and he had made more out of twine than ever we were like to do out of the whale bushes and sand banks of West Inch. So his daughter, Edie Calder, came over with her red frock and a five-shilling bonnet and a kist full of things that brought my dear mother's eyes out like a parson's. I took no great stock of girls at that time, for it was hard for me to see what they had been made for. There were none of us at Birtwhistle's that thought very much of them; but the smallest laddies seemed to have the most sense for, after they began to grow bigger they were not so sure about it. We little ones were all of one mind that a creature that couldn't fight and was carries tales, and couldn't so much as shy a stone with out clapping its arm like a rag in the wind was no use for anything.

So when this one came to the steady-

ward to kiss her, as I had done when I saw her last.

"Is this our carriage? How funny it looks. And where am I to sit?"

"On the sacking," said I.

"And how am I to get there?"

"Put your foot on the hull," said I;

"I'll help you." I sprang up and took

her two little gloved hands in my own.

As she came over the side, her

breath blew in my face, sweet and

warm, and all that vagueness and un-

rest seemed in a moment to have been

shredded away from my soul. I felt

as if that instant had taken me out

from myself and made me one of a

race. It took but the time of the flick-

of the horse's tail, and yet some-

thing had happened, a barrier had

gone down somewhere, and I was lead-

ing a wider and a wiser life. I felt

it all in a gush, but, shy and back-

ward as I was, I could do nothing but

fatten out the sackling for her. Her

eyes were after the couch which was

rattling away to Berwick, and sud-

denly she shook her handkerchief in

the air.

"He took off his hat," said she; "I

think he must have been an officer. He

was very distinguished looking; per-

haps you noticed him—a gentleman on

the outside, very handsome, with a

brown overcoat."

I shook my head, with all my flush

of joy changed to foolish resentment.

"Ah, well, I shall never see him

again. Here are all the green braes,

and the brown, winding road, just the

same as ever. And you, Jack—I don't

see any great change in you, either. I

hope your manners are better than

they used to be. You won't try to

put any frogs down my back, will

you?"

I crept all over where I thought of

such a thing. "We'll do all we can to

make you happy at West Inch," said I,

playing with the whip.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to

take a poor, lonely girl in," said she.

"It's kind of you to come, Cousin

Edie," I stammered. "You'll find it

very dull, I fear."

"I suppose it is a little quiet, Jack.

Not many men about, as I remember it.

By the way, that crabbish old doctor had a son, had he not?"

"Oh, yes, that's Jim Horscroft, my

best friend."

"Is he at home?"

"No; he'll be home soon. He's still at Edinburgh, studying."

"Ah, we'll keep each other company

until he comes, Jack. And I'm very

tired, and I wish I was at West Inch."

I made old Souter Johnnie cover the

ground as he had never done before or

since, and in an hour she was seated

at the supper-table, where my mother

had laid out not only butter but a

glass dish of gooseberry jam which

sparkled and looked like the candle

light. I could see that my parents

were as overcome as I was at the dif-

ference in her, though not in the same

way. After supper, when she had

gone to her bed, they could talk of

nothing but her looks and her breed-

ing.

"By the way, though," says my fa-

ther, "it does not look as if she were

so bold to holler about my brother's death."

And then, for the first time, I re-

membered that she had never said a

word about the matter since I had met her.

CHAPTER III.

The Shadow on the Waters.

It was not very long before Cousin Edie was queen of West Inch, and we all her devoted subjects from my fa-ther down. The south room, which was the sunniest and had the honey-suckle round the window, was for her; and it was a marvel to see the things that she brought from Berwick to put into it. Twice a week she would drive over. And the cart would not do for her; for she hired a gig from Angus Whitehead, whose farm lay over the hill. And it was seldom she went without bringing something back for one or other of us. It was a wooden pine for my father, or a Shetland plaid for my mother, or a hook for me, or a brass collar for Rob, the collie. There was never a woman more free-handed.

But the best thing that she gave us was just her own presence. To me it changed the whole countryside; and the sun was brighter and the braes greener, and the air sweeter from the day she came. Our lives were com-mon no longer, now that we spent them with such a one as she; and the old, dull grey house was another place in my eyes since she had set her foot across the dormitor. It was not her face, though that was winsome enough; nor her form, though I never saw the lass that could match her. But it was her spirit; her queer, mocking ways; her fresh, new fashion of talk; her proud whisk of the dress, and toss of the head, which made one feel like the ground beneath her feet, and then the quick challenge in her eye and the kindly word that brought one up to her level again.

The more I loved her the more frightened I was at her; and she could see the fright long before she knew the love. I was uneasy to be away from her; and yet, when I was with her, I was in a shiver all the time for fear my stumbling talk might weary her or give her offense. Had I known more of the ways of women I might have taken less pains.

We found our level after a time, when she saw that she had just to do what she liked and how she liked, and that I was as much at her beck and call as old Rob was at mine. You'll think that I was a fool to have had my head so turned, and maybe I was; but then you must think how little I was used to women, and how much we were thrown together. Besides, she was a woman in a million, and I can tell you that it was a strong head that would not be turned by her.

Why, there was Major Elliott, a man that had buried three wives, and had twelve pitched battles to his name. Edie could have turned him round her finger like a damp rag—she, only new from the boarding school. I met him bobbling from West Inch, the first time after she came, with pink in his cheeks and a shine in his eye that took ten years from him. He was pushing his foolish brown face for-

ther end, and curling them into his eyes and strutting out with his sound leg as proud as a piper. What she had said to him the Lord knows, but it was like old wine in his veins.

I saw the corner of a newspaper thrusting out of his pocket, and I knew that he had come over, as was his way, to give me some news, for we heard little enough at West Inch.

Newport & Providence
Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
WEEK DAYS—6:30, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.
SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 9:50 P.M.

New York, New Haven

Hartford Railroad.

TIME TABLE

(Corrected to March 28, 1920)

Newport to Fall River, Providence and Boston

	Week Days	Boston F.	River	Boston F.	River	Boston F.	River	Boston F.	River	Boston F.	River
Leaves	Due	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Due
6:15	6:23	6:08	6:30	7:22							
6:50	7:45	9:21	7:57	8:50							
8:15	8:51	10:18	9:00	9:39							
9:05	9:02	11:25	9:07	10:25							
11:10	11:20	1:15	12:00	1:25							
1:15	1:15	3:25	2:00	3:35							
2:05	2:05	4:15	3:15	4:30							
4:45	5:20	6:15	5:30	6:25							
5:05	5:55	7:35	6:57	7:50							
5:10	5:50	11:55	10:30	11:25							
Sundays											
6:55	7:30	8:42	7:57	8:50							
7:55	8:45	10:21	9:00	9:55							
11:10	11:54	1:32	12:00	1:25							
8:05	8:51	9:46	8:55	9:55							
2:05	2:55	3:35	2:57	3:50							
4:45	5:20	6:15	4:55	5:55							
5:05	5:55	7:35	6:57	7:50							
5:10	5:50	11:55	10:30	11:25							
Boston, Providence and Fall River to Newport											
Week Days	Newport	F.	River	Boston	F.	River	Boston	F.	River	Boston	F.
Province F.	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Leaves	Due	Leaves	Leaves	Due
6:15	6:05		6:15	8:50							
7:25	8:18		8:40	9:22							
9:35	10:20		9:45	10:45							
11:10	11:20		12:00	1:25							
1:15	1:15		2:00	2:55							
2:05	2:55		3:35	5:11							
4:45	4:15		2:25	4:25							
5:05	6:18		3:15	5:25							
5:10	6:15		4:15	6:25							
7:45	8:25		6:55	7:50							
Sundays											
6:27	6:15		5:54	6:35							
9:30	10:25		8:45	10:26							
1:00	1:45		12:25	2:11							
5:25	6:18		4:25	6:27							
6:30	7:25		5:15	7:45							
11:40	12:35		11:05	2:00							

*Will not run May 31.

Times 12:04 midnight to 12:00 noon is indicated by light-faced type; 12:01 noon to 12:00 midnight is indicated by dark-faced type.

Carry Photo Messages In Eyes.

Spies, engaged in a life-and-death business, have devised extraordinarily ingenious methods of concealment since history began. No means could be more remarkable, however, than that used by the Russian bolsherviki for getting messages through the enemy lines. The inside skin of an eggshell is pasted on glass, and reduced with a microtome knife to almost impalpable thinness. It is then sensitized, and a microscope message photographed upon it. Removed from the glass, it is spread with a brush on the spy's eyeball, under the lid. It does not inconvenience the carrier, and being quite transparent it is practically invisible.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Film Quickly Developed.

Sixty rolls of photographic film handled in ten minutes' actual working time is the claim made for a system of glazed stoneware developing tanks now on the market, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. The tanks are sold in sets of three, one for developing, one for fixing and one for washing. Each has a concave bottom, terminating in a brass drain cock. The last, or washing, tank is fitted also with an overflow connection, to permit continuous water circulation from bottom to top.

Taxing the Alien in Italy.

Under the Italian laws a foreign resident in Italy pays an income tax solely on income derived from Italian sources. He is not taxed on income derived outside of Italy.

Inventions of Women.

Comparatively few inventions have been made by women, but the following are recorded in the United States patent office: Cook stove, sheet iron shovel, ice cream freezer, sardine, fountain pen, washing machine, toaster, pocket book, spring seat for furniture or cars, button, dress pattern, dust pan, portable oven, vegetable washer, attachment for heating kettles and boilers by gas.

Cows as Work Animals.

In many parts of Europe, especially in France and Holland, cattle, both oxen and cows, are being used extensively for work. In one part of France the number of cows used for work is twice as great as the number of both oxen and horses. The cows work in yokes, and those used for hauling are also used for breeding. In many instances they are milked.

Softening Hides.

There are two simple ways of softening leather and raw skins. One is to rub in thoroughly neat's foot oil. Another way is to dissolve three ounces of alum, seven ounces of salt and one and one-half ounces of tannin in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin. When cool enough not to scald, the hands soak the skin in it for 12 hours; wring out and hang up to dry. When dry repeat this operation two or three times until the skin is sufficiently soft.

Next the Heart.

The left hand in France is universally regarded as that "of the heart" and is reserved for relatives and intimate friends and those toward whom the giver is unusually well disposed.

THE GREAT SHADOW

Continued from Page 2

"Do you often take walks before breakfast, Mr. Horscroft?" she asked, still with that roguish smile.

"Yes," said he, staring at her with all his eyes.

"So I do, and generally over yonder," said she; "but you are not very hospitable to your friend, Jock. If you do not do the honors I shall have to take your place for the credit of West Inch."

Well, in another minute we were in with the old folk, and Jim had his plate of porridge ladled out for him, but hardly a word would he speak, but sat, with his spoon in his hand, staring at Cousin Edie. She shot little twinkling glances across at him all the time, and it seemed to me that she was amused at his backwardness, and that she tried by what she said to give him heart.

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered, ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"How endurable and truthful you are!" she cried, and so they went on, she decking him with every virtue and twisting his words to make him play the part, in the way that I knew so well. Before she was done I could see that his head was buzzing with her beauty and her kindly words. I thrilled with pride to think he should think so well of my kin.

"Isn't she fine, Jim?" I could not help saying when we stood alone outside the door, he lighting his pipe before he set off home.

"Fine!" he cried. "I never saw her match."

"We're going to be married," said I.

The pipe fell out of his mouth, and he stood staring at me. Then he plucked it up and walked off without a word. I thought that he would likely come back, but he never did, and I saw him far off walking up the road with his chin on his chest.

But I was not to forget him, for Cousin Edie had a hundred questions to ask me about his boyhood, about his strength, about the women that he was likely to know; there was no satisfying her. And then again, later in the day, I heard of him, but in a less pleasant fashion.

It was my father who came home in the evening with his mouth full of poor Jim. He had been deadly drunk since midday, had been down to Westhouse Links to fight the gypsy champion, and it was not certain that the man would live through the night. My father had met Jim on the highroad, dour as a thunder cloud, and with an insult in his eye for every man that passed him. "Gulf sakes!" said the old man. "He'll make a fine practice for himself if breaking bones will do it." Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was not so sure that it was funny.

On the third day afterward I was going up Corfehill by the sheep track, when who should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he was another man from the big, kindly fellow who had supped his porridge with us the other morning. He had no collar nor tie, his vest was open like hair, and his face mottled like a man who has drunk heavily overnight. He carried an oak stick, and he slashed at the wild bushes on either side of the path.

"Whoa, Jim!" said I.

But he looked at me in the way that I had often seen at school when the devil was strong to him, and when he knew that he was in the wrong, and yet set his will to brazier it out. Not a word did he say, but he brushed past me on the narrow path, and swaggered on, still brandishing his stick and cutting at the bushes.

All well, I was not angry with him. I was sorry, very sorry, and that was all. Of course I was not so blind but that I could see how the matter stood. He was in love with Edie, and he could not bear to think that I should have her. Poor devil! how could he help it? Maybe I should have been the same. There was a time when I should have wondered that a girl could have turned a strong man's head like that, but I knew more about it now.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of Jim Horscroft, and then came the Thursday which was to change the whole current of my life.

I had woken early that day, and with a little thrill of joy, which is a rare thing to feel when a man first opens his eyes. Edie had been kinder than usual the night before, and I had fallen asleep with the thought that maybe at last I had caught the rainbow, and that, without any imaginings or make-believe, she was learning to love plain Jack Calder of West Inch. It was this thought, still at my heart, which had given me that little morning chirrup of joy. And then I remembered that if I hastened I might be in time for her, for it was her custom to go out with the sunrise.

But I was too late. When I came to her door it was half open and the room empty. Well, thought I, at least I may meet her and have the homeward walk with her. I zizzaged up the steep pathway, breathing in the thin, keen morning air, and humming a lit as I went, until I came out, a little short of breath, among the whins upon the top. Looking down the long slope of the farther side, I saw Cousin Edie as I had expected, and I saw Jim Horscroft walking by her side.

They were not far away, but too taken up with each other to see me. She was walking slowly, with the little pelican cock of her dalney head which I knew so well, casting her eyes away from him, and shooting out a word from time to time. He paced along beside her, looking down at her and bending his head in the eagerness of his talk. Then, as he said onces, upon his arm, and he carried his feet plucked her up and kissed her again and again. At the sight I could neither cry out nor move, but

stood with a heart of lead and the face of a dead man staring down at them. I saw her hand passed over his shoulder, and that his kisses were as welcome to her as ever mine had been.

Then he set her down again, and I found that this had been their parting, for indeed in another hundred paces they would have come in view of the upper windows of the house. She walked slowly away, with a wave back once or twice, and he stood looking after her. I waited until she was some way off, and then down I came, but so token up was he that I was within a hand's touch of him before he whisked round upon me. He tried to smile as his eyes met mine.

"I saw you," I gasped, and my throat had turned so dry that I spoke like a man with a quinsy.

"Did you say?" said he, and he gave a little whistle. "Well, on my life, Jock, I'm not sorry. I was thinking of coming up to West Inch this very day and having it out with you. May-be it's better as it is."

"You've been a fine friend," said I. "Well, now, be reasonable, Jock," said he, sticking his hands into his pockets and rocking to and fro as he stood.

"Let me show you how it stands. Look me in the eye and you'll

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 31, 1920

The Mercury

Saturday, July 31, 1920

Candidate Cox says that if elected he "will devote all his strength in carrying out the peace policies to which Woodrow Wilson has devoted his life and thought." That means another prolonged fight.

Senator Harding promises that, if elected, and a Republican Congress is elected to back him up, peace will be restored to this country just so soon as Congress can get a Peace Resolution to him for his signature.

Senator Harding's suggestion that the vice-president be admitted to a cabinet meetings is an excellent one.

He has made it known that if elected, Coolidge will have a standing invitation to attend all meetings and participate in the discussion of national issues.

According to the census returns the National House of Representatives will have to be increased to 600 members in order to prevent any State from losing a member. If the membership remains as it now is, 436, ten States will lose as follows:

Indiana, Iowa and Missouri, two each; Illinois,

Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Nebraska,

Vermont, and Virginia, one each.

While precedent warrants the inference, there is strong opposition on the part of some of the Representatives, while others favor reduction to as few as 100 members.

Every decade since 1700, with the single exception of 1810, the House membership has been enlarged to keep pace with the growing population.

Now the House floor is crowded when all are present; individual desks have been discarded, and an increase in membership probably would have to be solved by narrower seats.

Ten years ago the House membership was increased from 391 to 435 on the basis of a population of 91,072,268.

The only exception occurred in 1810 when ten Congressmen were knocked out by the apportionment, the membership being fixed at 232, after having been 242 for ten years.

NOVICE DRIVERS

The great increase in number of motor cars in use this summer, means that many of the drivers are novices.

Some learn to operate their cars well in a few days, while others require many weeks before they become confident.

The gyrations performed by some nervous novices are a source of alarm to the careful operator who has to meet them in tight places.

The majority of accidents are caused by novices, but by experienced drivers who become careless and relax precautions. However, many novices become confident in a very short time that they can drive very rapidly. They are anxious to show off how quickly they have learned to meet difficult conditions. They are good people to look out for.

Such novices need to be reminded that things happen very quickly in driving an automobile. On a second's warning a terrible accident may happen.

Operating a car at a good rate of speed on a country road is learned with comparative ease. But when one begins to traverse city streets having congested traffic, he finds he has much to learn. If he goes bunting ahead without regard to street intersections or the rights of pedestrians, he will soon be making a humble appearance before an unsympathetic court. It is a man sized job to drive through crowded streets. Novices who feel nervous about it would better get more practice before they get into tangled traffic.

The one principle that the green driver should learn is that the spirit of hurry is very perilous. Trying to save a few seconds may bring on misfortune that will cause a lifetime of regret. Better be a few minutes late to your appointment, than take hazards you would avoid under ordinary conditions.

TURNOVER OF CAPITAL

The percentage of profit that a business man or corporation makes upon his capital, does not always tell the story whether he is rightly to be called a profiteer or not.

If a business makes 20 per cent. on its capital, probably the majority of people would say it had been profiteering. But if it made that profit by turning its capital over ten times, so that it only made 2 per cent. on sales, you could hardly call it profiteering. The business would seem to have been done about as close as was possible.

A small and sluggish business which turned its capital over once and made only 5 per cent. on that turnover, would never be charged with profiteering. But it would not be so advantageous to the community as the concern that operated with a high degree of efficiency and made a lot more money.

The concern that turns capital over slowly will not be able to keep in the game. If it takes a year to make sales equaling its capital, while other concerns accomplish the same thing in three months, its overhead charge will be four times too large.

The best ways to turn over capital

quickly are these:

1. Advertising, so that the public will know what the concern is selling, and take the stock up quickly without its having to lie around in stores and warehouses.

2. Cash basis so far as possible, otherwise prompt collection. A smaller capital will do a bigger business on a cash basis.

The community should patronize the concerns operated on this basis, even if they often seem to be making a lot of money. For all that they are the cheapest places for buying.

THE BUSINESS PARTY

The Republican party is friendly to business and business men. It believes that the men who have manifested ability in running their own affairs are likely to manifest ability in running public affairs. Consequently it welcomes the entrance of business men into public life, believing that their experience and training are exceedingly useful in administering the affairs of the nation.

As a result, Republican administrations have manifested superior efficiency. The Republican administration of President Taft did excellent work in promoting sentiment for more systematic methods, and the monetary commission which it appointed laid the foundations for the present federal reserve banking law. The Democrats did not follow up the efficiency idea, but multiplied the number of government employees beyond all reason, and kept lots of them drawing pay long after the war ended.

The present Congress has devoted much time to plan for reorganizing government and perfecting a budget system for regulating public expenses. When its record is completed, it will be seen that a very marked advance in government efficiency has been made.

The Democratic party has seemed so suspicious of the motives and honesty of business men, that it has not had good executive management. It has preferred theorists to practical men of affairs, and the people pay for the blunders that have resulted.

The Republican party represents all classes of people, and would not concentrate power in the hands of big business men to the exclusion of other leadership. But it believes that successful business men are natural leaders, and that the country must take advantage of their advice and experience, if it wants prosperity.

HARDING AND COOLIDGE

Senator Warren G. Harding, Republican candidate for President of the United States, goes to the people with a clean record as the friend of the people.

Throughout his career in the Ohio State legislature, and as a United States Senator, his influence, his voice and his votes have ever been used in the service of the people.

Senator Harding has shown by his every public act that when he is elected President of the United States he will be the representative of all the people, not of any party, not of any class, not of any group or groups of interests. He will be the farmers' president and the bankers'; he will represent the working men and the industrial heads, the rich and the poor, the mighty and the lowly.

Senator Harding, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, is the same simple, plain, unassuming man of the people he was when a modest Ohio publisher.

Born on a farm, he worked his way through school and college by laboring in the fields, by driving teams, painting barns, setting type and teaching school.

Harding the printer became Harding the publisher, a power for right and good in his community.

Recognizing in Harding the type of man that makes the best representative of the people's interests in the legislative halls, the people of Ohio twice sent him to the State legislature, then honored him as Lieutenant-Governor. In 1914 they recognized his true stature and elected him to the United States Senate.

Today his party has given him the greatest honor within its power by nominating him to the Presidency, but he is still the Harding the town folks knew as a printer and editor, living in his simple and beautiful family life in his modest Marion home, beloved and respected by his neighbors, who were his boyhood friends.

Harding is a splendid type of clean American manhood, a notable example to every American-born boy of the opportunities the country offers to them all.

The Banks of Rhode Island show big increases in assets in the last three years. The Savings Banks of the State showed assets in 1918 of \$101,139,693.56. In 1919 \$103,972,921.48, and in 1920 \$121,540,154.38. The Trust Companies of the State show increases from \$171,079,705.22 in 1918 to \$207,696,165.19 in 1920. The State Banks have increased their assets from \$4,950,657.06 in 1918 to \$7,287,427.97 in 1920. The National Banks show an increase in their assets from \$68,019,068.55 in 1918 to \$69,778,659.27 in 1920. The total increase of all the banks in the State is \$86,105,550.33, which shows a very prosperous condition in Rhode Island.

"Hail, Columbia!"

"Hail, Columbia," was written by Joseph Hopkins, April 29, 1793,

when the United States was threatened with a war with France. It was composed to the air of the "President's March," for a young actor and singer in the Philadelphia theater, and became at once highly popular.

England Has Largest Pin Factory.

The largest pin factory is in Birmingham, England, where some 50 million pins are manufactured every

working day.

Washington, D. C., July 31, 1920.

Warm waves will reach Vancouver, B. C., about Aug. 2, 7, 14, 21, and

temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. They will cross crest of Rockies by close of Aug. 3, 8, 14, 22;

plains sections Aug. 4, 9, 16, 23;

meridian 90, upper great lakes, Ohio-Tennessee and lower Mississippi valleys, Aug. 6, 10, 16, 21; lower great lakes and eastern sections Aug. 6, 11, 17, 25, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about Aug. 7, 12, 18, 26.

During the period covered by these disturbances a great hot wave will cross continent reaching meridian 90 not far from Aug. 17. This will be much like the hot wave correctly predicted for near the middle of July. Hot winds may occur in some small sections in the middle west not far from Aug. 17.

I do not pretend to definitely locate hot winds, severe storms, tornados, hurricanes. I can usually approximate their dates and thus give warnings. All these, except severe storms, are confined to certain large areas, and the reader, by exercising intelligent judgment, may be benefited. Severe storms are expected during week centering on Aug. 11. During the week centering on Aug. 14 a tropical storm, or hurricane, is expected to organize on the Sargasso Sea which lies east of northeast of Cuba and about half way between northeast South America and the Azores Islands.

Another dangerous storm period will occur during the week centering on Aug. 25 and during that period severe storms are expected on the continent while the hurricane, moving slowly westward, will get into the Gulf of Mexico. I cannot tell you any more about that expected hurricane. But very cool weather, sometimes light frosts occur in the middle northwest east of Rockies, while August hurricanes are moving thru the Gulf of Mexico.

It is a remarkable fact that precipitation on this continent is controlled by the direction of the movements of the atmospheric moisture toward the storm centers as they move eastward and by directions of the extensions of the river valleys and high ridges on either side. Crop weather of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and our northern tier of States, south of those provinces are most affected by precipitation of the whole continent is similarly affected. Members of government weather bureau should be looking into such important facts.

These Weather Bulletins are interesting in the products of the farm because therein lies the greatest demand for good weather forecasts.

Some time ago I advised farmers and local dealers to sell their products.

I knew that the board of financial managers were about to decrease the currency circulation by calling in the money loaned to farmers and knew that such a policy would lower values and might cause a panic. Reducing the currency circulation has caused all the panics of the past. But an immensely important change has occurred. Another board of managers has agreed to increase the pay of about 2,000,000 railroad men by the amount of \$600,000,000 a year. I am not opposing that increase. But the products of the mine, the farm and the manufacturer must pay that vast sum. The result must be an increase on the value of all these products. There is no other way. I advise farmers, miners and manufacturers of these facts and that as a result the values of their products must go higher.

Athletic Boys Again Win Collegians

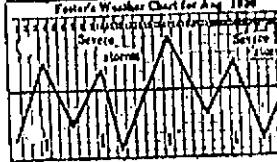
The Ocean View Collegians, with O'Brien again in the box, took the second game of the series with the Block Island Athletic Association last Sunday afternoon at Recreation Park, the score being the same as the week before, three to one.

For five innings the goose egg decorated the score columns of both factions but in the 6th the College boys tallied twice and in the 7th once. The Athletics shot over a runner in the 8th and threatened again in the 9th with three on bases, but the necessary wallops were not forthcoming.

O'Brien pitched a great game, allowing but five hits and passing but one man to first. Sam Willis for the Athletics gave but four hits, but walked five men. He fanned three of the Collegians, while his opponent retired 9 of the natives via the strike-out route.

O'Malley, formerly of the Southern league, umpired the game, which was run off in 1 hour and 35 minutes.

An interested spectator at the game was Tom Lynch, former president of the National League, who pro-



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., July 31, 1920.

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These Weather Bulletins are interesting in the products of the farm because therein lies the greatest demand for good weather forecasts.

Some time ago I advised farmers and local dealers to sell their products.

I knew that the board of financial managers were about to decrease the currency circulation by calling in the money loaned to farmers and knew that such a policy would lower values and might cause a panic. Reducing the currency circulation has caused all the panics of the past. But an immensely important change has occurred. Another board of managers has agreed to increase the pay of about 2,000,000 railroad men by the amount of \$600,000,000 a year. I am not opposing that increase. But the products of the mine, the farm and the manufacturer must pay that vast sum. The result must be an increase on the value of all these products. There is no other way. I advise farmers, miners and manufacturers of these facts and that as a result the values of their products must go higher.

Athletic Boys Again Win Collegians

The Ocean View Collegians, with O'Brien again in the box, took the second game of the series with the Block Island Athletic Association last Sunday afternoon at Recreation Park, the score being the same as the week before, three to one.

For five innings the goose egg decorated the score columns of both factions but in the 6th the College boys tallied twice and in the 7th once. The Athletics shot over a runner in the 8th and threatened again in the 9th with three on bases, but the necessary wallops were not forthcoming.

O'Brien pitched a great game, allowing but five hits and passing but one man to first. Sam Willis for the Athletics gave but four hits, but walked five men. He fanned three of the Collegians, while his opponent retired 9 of the natives via the strike-out route.

O'Malley, formerly of the Southern league, umpired the game, which was run off in 1 hour and 35 minutes.

An interested spectator at the game was Tom Lynch, former president of the National League, who pro-

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Some Baby!

The tranquillity of the Harbor Village experienced a general upheaval last Monday forenoon when it was reported that a body of an infant had been picked up in the stream near the bathing beach by a man and a boy who were fishing from the new stone bridge.

About 10:30 a. m. Sheriff Willis brushed briskly into the establishment of Undertaker William B. Sharp and insisted that he go at once to the bridge and take charge of an infant's body which had just been recovered from the stream. The Sheriff then took into camp the special uniformed policeman and John Kelly, manager of the Hotel Royal and set out for the scene of the discovery. A few minutes later Undertaker Sharp and Medical Examiner Frank B. Huston, M. D., arrived on the scene and inquired for the body. The Sheriff and Patrolman, who were busily engaged in keeping back the vast throng of the curious, weekly pointed to an object enclosed in a good-sized black stocking which reposited at one side of the highway. The officers of the law turned their heads to hide the swift flowing tears as the Medical Examiner dissected the stocking. "Sacred," cried the Physician as he held the contents. "Somebody's baby."

The Undertaker muttered something in Spanish and the officer and Sheriff recurred the motion. The party adjourned without form.

Three guests from Crook Allen's created quite a sensation last Monday when they posted a notice in the local post office which read "three men wanted at once."

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. White of Grand Rapids, Mich., are visiting with Mr. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. White at their home on High street.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Allen of East Providence are guests of Mr. Allen's brother, Manuel Allen at the West Side.

Improvement Society Meets

The New Shoreham Improvement Society held their July meeting last Monday night at the Mansion.

Frank Mott was elected chairman of the meeting and George Juxon secretary.

The following committee was appointed for the September meeting and banquet.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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A DIPLOMAT AT 14

1767—July 11, John Quincy Adams born in Braintree, now a part of Quincy, Mass.
1781—Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg.
1787—Graduated at Harvard.
1790—Admitted to the Bar.
1794-7—Minister to The Hague.
1797—Married Louise Catherine Johnson.
1797-1801—Minister to Prussia.
1802-3—Massachusetts Senator.
1803-8—In National Senate.
1809-14—Minister to Russia.
1914—Peace Commissioner at Ghent.
1815-17—Minister to England.
1817-25—Secretary of State.

AMONG the presidents, John Quincy Adams holds the record of having been the youngest and oldest public servant. From boyhood, when he was a secretary of legation at the extraordinary age of fourteen until he fell in his post in the halls of congress in his eighty-first year, he was in the service of his country 63 of those 81 years.

A president and the son of a president, all the other 15 presidents from Washington to Johnson were his associates. From the day he climbed a height near his Massachusetts birthplace to see the battle of Bunker Hill, 16 miles away, he was a witness to nearly every great event in the history of the nation until the close of the Mexican war.

With John Adams in congress the child had to be the man of the family, and at times he regularly rode his horse to Boston to fetch the mail. At ten his father took him with him on his mission to France. By twelve he had crossed the Atlantic four times, running the British blockade in leaky tubs.

At fourteen, an American minister appointed the "mature youngster" his secretary of legation. By seventeen, the youth had traveled over much of



John Quincy Adams at 16.



John Quincy Adams.

Europe, and he came home to enter Harvard. After graduation, he operated a law office in Boston. But business was only beginning when the young attorney was appointed by Washington, minister at The Hague, where the government to which he was accredited fled before the armies of France and left him in the midst of the triumphant revolutionaries.

Meeting the daughter of the American consul in London, a Marylander, she and the young diplomat were married on the eve of his departure for Berlin, to which capital he had been promoted.

Among his last acts as president, John Adams removed his son from office to deprive Jefferson of the malicious satisfaction of dismissing him. When the recalled diplomat was elected to the senate he displayed his family trait of independence by taking sides with his father's hated rival and supporting the Jefferson administration.

The infuriated federalists of Massachusetts savagely turned upon him as a traitor to his party and a renegade from his class. They drove him from the senate, and when he came home he found himself in his Boston house, which stood where the Hotel Touraine now stands, a social outcast on a lonely island entirely surrounded by ice.

With his name erased forever from the Boston blue book, John Quincy Adams was no longer a gentleman, and the Jeffersonians, who were not gentlemen, but only Democrats, took him up. By their favor he became minister to Russia, a negotiator of the peace of Ghent in 1814, and minister to England.

From London, John Quincy Adams was called home to be secretary of state in the Monroe administration. In that post he played the leading part in shaping the Monroe doctrine.

In his retirement John Adams had watched with fond admiration the rise of John Quincy until he was only one rung from the top. Although, in his crabbedness, he complained that "my son will never get a chance at the presidency until the last Virginian is in his grave," fortune agreeably surprised the aged ex-president in next to the last of his ninety years, when he saw the scepter of the republic pass to a feeble hand.

To Remove Label.

Do not attempt to remove a label from cloth by wetting it. Simply draw the cloth in a bias direction, first one way, then the other, and it will come off quickly, leaving the cloth clean and without injuring the fabric.

Living Jewels.

The women of Mexico use fireflies as jewels. They tie them in little gauze bags and put them in their hair or clothing. Then, until they require them again, they keep them in little wire cages and feed them on scraps of sugar cane.

"One thing that amuses me in my

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1825—John Quincy Adams inaugurated sixth president, aged fifty-seven.
1830-48—in congress.
1831—Presented first petition against slavery.
1848—February 28, death of Adams at the capitol. Aged eighty.

THE chieftainship of every great nation still passed from father to son until the presidency of the United States was created, when the first free-for-all race and an even start for the highest prize was opened to the sons of men regardless of the accidents of birth. In this fatal test, new blood has won every time with only two exception in a century and a quarter.

Even John Quincy Adams did not win the race, but was outrun at the polls by Andrew Jackson, the son of an immigrant. Political parties having disappeared in 1824, four men entered the contest and deadlocked the electoral college, which left the house of representatives to choose from among the three highest candidates. This eliminated the fourth man—Henry Clay—who aided in the election of Adams and who received from the new president the appointment of secretary of state.

The only non-partisan administration the country ever has had was not a shining example of success. Uncompromising alone, John Quincy Adams stalked his solitary way, never once turning to the right or to the left from the strait and narrow path of independence. With no sense of humor to relieve his sense of self-righteousness, to light up his view of his fellows or to thaw his own icy visage, it was impossible for his supporters to feel any enthusiasm for him.

John Quincy Adams led the simple life in the White House. Getting up at 5, he built his fire, read his daily portion of the Bible and while the

Patsy's Perfume

By HARMONY WELLER

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"The only talent I have," sighed Patsy Van Duren, "is my nose!" "Nose?—a talent?" Joe Robinson exclaimed. "I'd never call mine by that name, Pat!" he laughed, examining his own too prominent nose in an opposite mirror.

"Well—by any other name it smells as sweet," Patsy retorted. "But I don't mean my nose, itself—I mean my sense of smell. It is surely developed to a degree that might be classed among the talents."

"Much good it'll do you, methinks," Joe counseled her. "Now if it were your sense of taste you might be a tea-taster or a judge of good liquor—if the latter weren't among the exact professions."

"I can see plainly that I am going to get no satisfaction from struggling for an outlet for my creative ability—which I know I have in spite of all you home folks' pessimism on the subject!" Something tells me to use this extraordinary sense of smell of mine—but how?"

Joe seemed perplexed. "That's all very well, but how can one make a living—or even an approach to one from it?"

"I suppose," said Patsy, "you are not far enough advanced to conceive of a girl going in for perfumes and fragrances that might appeal to the individual personality. Men and women have very distinct colors in their auras, and if colors have tones, one for each, as has been proven you know, why should not colors have perfumes?"

And then, to follow it up, why should not I, with my finely attuned sense of smell, be able to detect the fragrance of an individual's aura colors and try to imitate them in extracts or powders or toilet accessories?"

Joe scratched his head, impolitely, but his eyes looked thoughtfully. "Yes—I suppose it could be developed, but every one would think you were crazy and only the nutty ones would come



Her Plans Took Effect in the Form of a Diminutive Shop.

to you, wouldn't they?" he asked, half in jest, half in earnest. He was fond of Patsy, his chum from childhood, and he did not want to seem too hard on her.

"Perhaps it would be difficult, at first, Joe. But I don't have to make an immediate living, you know, with father and mother to take care of me. And it has been my experience in watching the development of any of the arts or any phase of them, as soon as you begin to educate people in the direction that they teach, you find many who have already been interested, but for lack of some one of understanding have kept it to themselves."

"That's true, too. Human beings are afraid of being ridiculed, and they frequently smother their best selves and sit about mauling trivial small talk instead of opening up what might prove to be an enlightening subject."

"Why, Joe, even you are beginning to think," Patsy remarked, patting him affectionately.

"Even I," Joe admitted, nodding. "But you just go to it, Patsy, and if I can help you, I'll do it."

"Thanks—I'll probably need you, Joe," Patsy said. "But now, I am making a study of the fragrance of colors. For instance, a red rose smells quite different from a white one. I have a lot of tests I want to make today, so—so long, Joe."

Patsy almost danced off to her little third floor studio room, where, all alone, she had been working out her theory of colors, perfumes and human auras. Until now she had said almost nothing about her intentions, although it was known that she had a wonderfully esthetic development in her sense of smell.

In time, her plans took effect in the form of a diminutive shop and studio where she handled exclusive perfumes, perfume, fragrant powders, and where she made up bowls of dried petals from gardens of individuals, preserved wedding bouquets, etc. In this way she believed she would come in contact with persons who cared for fragrance, and in finding a common meeting ground she could learn much of individual tastes and preferences.

"One thing that amuses me in my

superficial observation of men is that they like red. Men and boys love red roses, red neckties, red carpets. Also, I have learned that most men like a faint, a subtle perfume on the women they go about with, but, for fear of being thought effeminate, poesy or artless, they pretend not to. The more cultivated the individual, the less easily satisfied he is in perfume. We are beginning to appreciate the most subtle sort of odors, odors that a generation or two ago would have been hardly perceptible to the senses at all. A person whose artless development has been neglected is apt to need the heavy scent of a tuba rose or a cinnamon flower or some equally compelling odor."

Patsy explained all these observations to Joe, who was becoming really interested in the little studio shop. He had helped her fit it up; he had taken up curtains, polished furniture to make it harmonize with the surroundings and he found himself spending every spare moment in the pleasant environment of Patsy's shop.

"What do you know about my aura, Patsy?" he asked, suddenly, one day when he was helping her.

"More than I'd care to tell you, Joe."

Joe looked up at her. The tone of her voice had seemed strange.

"If it comes in with the color of your blush just now it must be some aura," he remarked, half merrily, half seriously. Then he went over to her where she sat among baskets of rose petals. "Patsy, why don't you make a study of the flavor of all emotions—love? I—love you so much and I've been afraid to tell you till I heard that note in your voice just now as you spoke of—of me. Won't you promise to marry me? You do love me—and I'll help you all I can, dear."

Patsy's blush had deepened in color and her eyes had gathered a wonderful light. "It—it might be interesting to—to find that perfume, Joe," she said, as he stepped close to her.

And then, for long moments, the study of the fragrance of mere rose petals from other people's gardens was forgotten.

MONKS SAVED EARLY WRITING

Leisure Time in Monasteries Devoted to the Transcription of Records, Sacred and Profane.

The preservation, by the pens of monastic copyists, of the Christian Scriptures, of the writings of the early Fathers and of the great works of classical antiquity seems to be due principally to the life and labors of Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus Senator. Through his personal influence with the barbarian rulers who invaded Rome and his devotion to the church, which was evident in the latter part of his life, he succeeded in preserving for later generations the pagan or classic literature. In the church his hopes of intellectual interest and civilization itself rested. He had exceptional executive ability, long official experience, a large measure of scholarship and an earnest zeal for literary and educational interests.

The rule of the monasteries of the fifth and sixth centuries included the novel feature of industrial occupation. Often there was wearisome toil in the monasteries and Cassiodorus perceived that this time might be profitably spent in transcribing the accumulation of 2,000 years of literature, sacred and profane, the writings of Hebrew prophets, Greek philosophers and Latin rhetoricians.

In the course of years a class of monastic scribes transcribed and illuminated portions of the Scriptures and of the Latin texts. It was from these scribes the "copy" for the first editions of Cicero, Virgil and the other classic writers was produced by the earliest printers of Germany and Italy.

Cassiodorus established the monasteries of Vivera, or Vitera, and Mons Castellus. It was only in monastic centers like these, where Christian influence and educational work were held to be of more importance than theological issues, that literary activity became possible, and it was only in such monasteries that labor was expended in preserving the writing of pagan authors.

Shortly after Cassiodorus' withdrawal from political life, when he was about sixty years old, he organized all of this literary work. This work served as a model for the long system of Benedictine monasteries that came into existence throughout Europe later. It was the hand of Cassiodorus which gave the literary impetus to the Benedictine order, and it was his collection of manuscripts, rescued from the ruins of the libraries of Italy after its political institutions had been shattered by the invasion of Belisarius, that supplied the material for pens of thousands of monastic scribes.

Too Previous.

The Freshman—Why does Frogmore always put the letters "Jr." after his name?

The Senior—That's an abbreviation of "Junior."

The Freshman—But he's no junior. He's only a sophomore.

Five-Inch Grasshoppers.

Grasshoppers in South America attain to a length of five inches and their wings spread out ten inches.

Dividing the Day.

The division of the day into hours dates from the original sun dial; and the notion of 60 minutes and 60 seconds must be traced back to the Babylonians, who combined the decimal and the duodecimal systems of numeration, and chose 60 as a convenient measuring aggregate because of its large number of exact factors.—Scientific American.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

HOUSEWIFE MAY MAKE HER WORK MORE ATTRACTIVE.

How to make household work more attractive is so serious a problem that it is delightful to hear that the operation of washing clothes is "a kind of Greek dance." So, at least, a lady who is used to Greek dancing declares. The same authority says that she engages in "rhythmic movements" for every household duty and finds her labor surprisingly lightened. Thus energy can be conserved in the lifting of a kettle if she steps with one's whole body instead of simply leaning forward a bit. The theory is plausible enough to deserve a careful working out. It is one of the principles of modern education that study must be made play for the child. How much more should work become one street song for the housewife! Many might find the combination of washboard and Greek dance perplexing. Probably the ordinary worker might resent the interference with her "ways," no matter how much help she might derive from it. But we have one resource unknown to the ancient. In canned music, Put in the record and turn the crank, and the rhythmic movement is easy. In this unbroken field of domestic art—or shall we say sciences—the first adventurers will have to walk warily. Only long and careful experiment can determine the exact kind of music for each particular task. It would not do to employ jazz if slow waltz time were required. If a bath were made up to jazz the sheets would probably not be tucked in properly at the bottom. A little comic opera music might suit a hasty luncheon, whereas for a deliberate and formal dinner an adagio from a symphony might blend more harmoniously with the occasion. Since the domestic problem is one of the gravest the modern woman has to face, it is obviously of the highest importance that the connection between the family wash and the Greek dance be carefully investigated and further researches undertaken.—New York Tribune.

BEES' PRODUCTION OF HONEY

How the Transition From Nectar to the Highly Delectable Compound Is Accomplished.

When a bee arrives in the hive with a load of honey, she searches until she finds a cell to her liking and then enters the cell with feet upward. Her mandibles touch the cell where the load is to be deposited. Then the mouth and mandibles open, and a drop of nectar appears. With the mandibles constantly in motion while quite likely some secretion is added to the nectar, the head is moved from side to side and the nectar spread over the upper cell wall. When this honey is first stored it is quite thin, but later the bees evaporate or "thicken" it until it contains less than 25 per cent of water. The work is done mostly at night, the bees standing on the combs with heads upward and then forcing a drop of nectar to the mouth and mandibles, where it gently pulsates for about ten minutes when it is swallowed and another drop appears. This work continues sometimes for nearly half the night. Anyone entering the apiary at this time will note the pleasant odor of the new honey and will also enjoy the gossipy sound of the millions at work ripening the honey.

How to Resilver Mirrors.

Select a sheet of tin foil of the required size and pour over it three drams of quicksilver for each square foot of foil. Rub the foil with a piece of duckskin until it becomes brilliant. Place a sheet of paper over the foil so as to completely cover it. Then lay a weight on the foil, using a slab of marble or smooth block of wood. Increase the weight so that the foil will be pressed tightly to the glass. Allow to stand four or five hours to set. If properly done the foil will adhere closely to the glass. Usually, however, it is cheaper and more satisfactory to buy a new mirror than to try resilvering an old one.

How Corncocks Yield Dyes.

Of importance to the dye industry is the recent discovery that furfur, or furfuraldehyde—a dye base—can now be extracted, like cellulose, from the common corncock, and at a cost of only 15 cents a pound. This colorless, oily liquid has previously been obtained only in the laboratory, and at something like \$17 a pound. In consequence of this announcement the despised corncock will take on considerable commercial value. In the hands of the chemist it will yield dyes of a vivid green, in addition to the rare brown and blue vat dyes.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

How Estonian Girls Begin Life.

Almost from infancy Estonian girls begin to collect a wedding outfit. This is not peculiar to Estonian girls, but a curious feature is that at the wedding the newly made bride distributes accumulated articles among the guests, receiving in return presents of beehives, sheep, and cattle—prizes which are usually redeemed sooner or later.

Use of Penny.

Use a penny for rubbing mold from clothing. It provides an edge that is not too sharp.

"True Lover's Knot" Explained.

A true-lover's knot is the Danish troldknoten, "troldknoten" being the compound of "trold" and "knot." The signature of the correct answer: "Personification is a metaphor without human intelligence."

WHY

The Robin Is Not a Foe to the Orchardist

A long time ago some one got the notion that the common American robin is a foe to the orchardist and berry grower. The alleged discovery was promptly published broadside and the fruit grower loaded his shotgun and went forth to slay the robin.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WALK

All persons desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thayer.

Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.

MARVELOUS IS HUMAN MIND

Five Hundred Million Brain Cells Responsible to the Call of Ruler of the Intellect.

On a rough estimate, the brain contains 500,000,000 cells, each having a consciousness of its own. Your self-consciousness, your personality, should be the master of all these willing slaves.

They are the gods of the mind, humbly waiting to do your bidding; guardians of the vast stores of ideas that you, more often than not without realizing it, have gathered along life's highway. Are you one of the rock-like kind, who have "no idea," or are you in the ranks of the sensible, who summon the spirits of the intellect to their aid?

How is this done? Nothing more simple. Get the problem fairly and squarely into your head, and then forget it! The little gods of the brain refuse to be coerced; humor them, however, and there is no limit to what they can, and will, do for you. You have to make a decision. Turn the problem round and round in your head till you are ploddy, you will get no nearer to the solution. Put it away from you. Don't force your thoughts; leave them alone, and behold, suddenly, when you least expect it, the idea you have been searching for will jump into your mind, to be instantly recognized as the idea you wanted.

The singlehandedness of the brain would appear to be more amenable to feasible than masculine rule, for the proverbs of all nations agree that women's best ideas are her first ones, while man has to wait for second thought if he would act rightly.

Our search for ideas, too, must be systematic if we want to get hold of useful ones.

According to the Platonic philosophy, ideas are the universal types of which individual specimens are the more or less imperfect copies; so that we need not be downhearted if we cannot carry out our ideas in practice exactly as they occur to us in the mind.

Thought grows snowball fashion, and is the opposite to money.

The more we spend the more we have.—London Answer.

Good Causes and Poor Times.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has fallen foul of "The Red Flag," which he regards as an affront that would ruin any movement, seems to forget that many a good cause has been supported by a poor time. The Belgian national anthem is a remarkably fine melody but that did not impede the resistance of Liege. And neither the words nor music of "God Save the King," are particularly uplifting. The air of "Lilibullero," that is said to have whistled James II off the throne of England, cannot have been a very distinguished one, for nowadays no one seems to know what it was. On the other hand the Russian national anthem was easily one of the most stirring examples of its kind in Europe, but it did not save Russia from collapse. If the soviets have provided a substitute for it the result would probably please Mr. Shaw as little as "The Red Flag," which he considers should be rechristened "The Eternal March of a Fried Egg."—Manchester Guardian.

Thinks Earth Will Last Many Years.

In a recent lecture Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, announced that the earth would probably continue to exist for 20,000,000 years more. These are, of course, round numbers. Some scientists estimate that the earth will live for ten times this age. There have been anomalies of one kind and another on this planet for fully this length of time.

The dinosaurs are believed to have lived through some such period. The age of man, which is probably only a few thousand years, seems the merest trifle by comparison. When we consider how man has developed during recorded history, which is less than ten thousand years, we may hope that he will evolve to an infinitely finer type in the future.—Boys' Life.

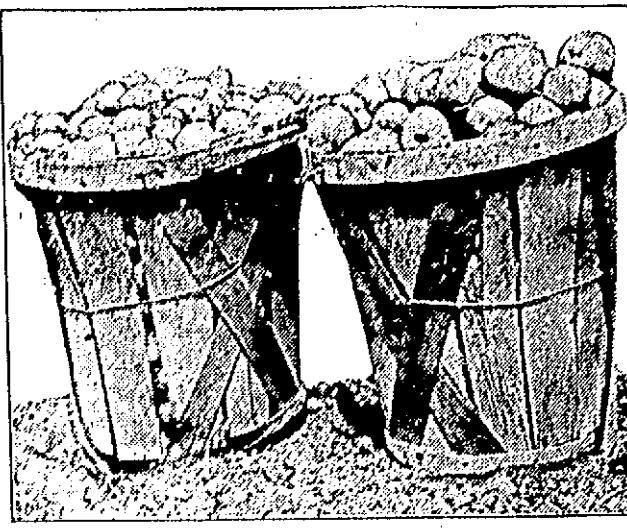
Extraordinary Coincidence.

The custom has prevailed with a certain Episcopal church in California of presenting each scholar of the Sunday school with an egg at the celebration of Easter. On one occasion, when that point in the service was reached which had been set apart for this interesting ceremony, the clergyman rose and made the announcement: "Hymn No. 412, 'Begin, My Soul, the Exalted Day,' after which the eggs will be distributed."—Boston Transcript.

Color and Disease.

Color really does fight disease. Take for example the ultra-violet ray. Here we have a most convincing proof of the battle force that resides in color. This famous ray exerts a very potent curative effect upon certain diseases of the skin. A ray of ultra-violet light is concentrated upon the diseased part, and immediately a new process is set up by which the disease is eventually destroyed.

UNIFORM POTATO GRADES FAVERED



Potatoes Graded and Packed Ready for Market.

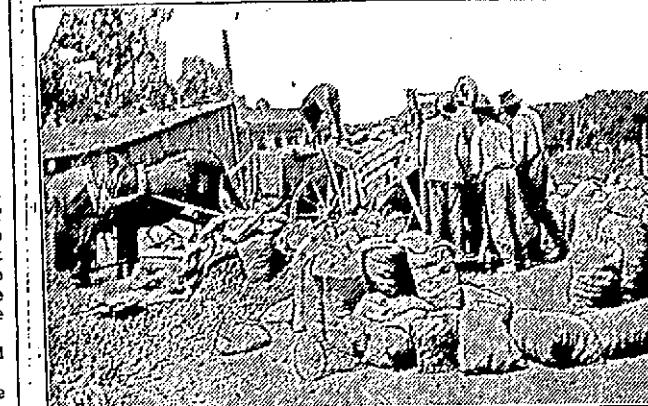
Proper distribution of farm products requires, first of all, that a common understanding exist as the basis of negotiations between producers and purchasers. The bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture, is endeavoring to bring this about by the recommendation of grades for fruits and vegetables. No. 2 potatoes should be No. 2 potatoes throughout the United States and not, as at present No. 2 potatoes in one section of the country and No. 1 somewhere else.

HIGHER GRADE DEMANDED.

During the war period the United States food administration required licensed dealers to use government potato grades. The results were so satisfactory that when the regulation was canceled the use of grades to a large extent was continued voluntarily. In fact, since that time a higher grade has been demanded to provide for produce of highest quality.

Therefore the bureau of markets now recommends United States grade fancy in addition to grades No. 1 and No. 2.

Grade fancy consists of sound potatoes of our variety which are immature or of our variety which are mature.



Running Potatoes Through a Grader—An Increasing Number of Growers Are Doing This and So It Is More Important Than Ever That Uniform Grades for the Entire Country Be Followed.

MAKING FINE RECORD FOR IMPROVED Sires

Virginia Leads Country in Effort to Discard Scrubs.

Many Farmers of Pulaski County File Declaration They Will Follow Methods to Further Live Stock Improvement.

With over 10,000 head of domestic animals in addition to poultry enrolled in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement, Virginia leads all other states in the nation-wide effort to rid the country of scrub and other inferior sires. The stock mentioned is owned by 610 farmers, of whom 354 are in Pulaski county, Virginia. All of these live stock owners have filed with the United States department of agriculture declarations that they will not only use pure-bred sires, but will follow methods leading to further live stock improvement.

The bureau of animal industry, which is handling the enrollment records, received from Virginia recently 72 pledges in one day. Of this number 18 contained statements that purebred sires, including rams, boars and roosters, would be purchased. Cases of this kind show that the movement is not only educational, but is gradually resulting in the replacement of inferior males with purebreds.

THIN ALL PLANTS IN GARDEN

Tall, Spindly, Unhealthy Conditions Result Where Practice Is Not Followed.

Nearly all home gardeners plant more seed than necessary, in order to get a full stand of plants. As soon as these are large enough to handle easily, all excess plants should be pulled out, leaving enough space between the plants remaining for the vegetables to develop properly. If this practice is not followed, not only do the crowded conditions cause tall, spindly, unhealthy growth, but the excess plants act as weeds, using up the plant food and moisture that should be available for the crop.

"*Hyphenated Americans.*" It is claimed that the term "hyphenated Americans" dates prior to the year 1870, when John Boyle O'Reilly applied it to a remnant of the old-time Toryism which objected to the nation-wide celebration which took place that year.

VEGETABLES STORED FOR USE IN WINTER

Good Time to Begin Plans for Saving Garden Truck.

Money Will Be Saved and Variety Added to Menus by Preparing Room in Basement or Outdoor Cellar or Pit.

One of these nights not far distant there will be a frost. That means, does it not, that huge basket of pumpkins, squash, beets, onions, tomatoes, apples and other vegetables and fruit grown in your garden and orchard, must be brought in and saved for winter use?

Before that time the question of storage must be settled. If you have never had them to store before or did not have success in the methods used last year, or want to know more about the subject for general information, send for a copy of "Home Storing of Vegetables," Farmers' Bulletin 879, United States department of agriculture.

Different types of inexpensive and reliable storage places, the room in the basement of the dwelling, the outdoor storage cellar or cave, the bank or pit, are described in detail. The saving in money and the additional variety in your winter menus will more than pay you for spending time in preparation for good, careful storage.

CLOVER SEED IS PROFITABLE

Vigorous Second Crop May Be Obtained If Cut Early and Given Light Dressing.

Clover, if cut early when just coming into blossom and given a light dressing of land plaster or of any fine compost, will, if the stalks are strong, make a vigorous second growth and give a paying crop of seed. Every farmer might raise his own clover seed by this method. The seed comes from the second crop and not from the first crop.

Plaster is the best and most economical mineral fertilizer to use.

Many Words in Small Space. A wonderful example of microscopie writing is the work of a Canadian, who succeeded in transcribing Francis Cooper's novel of "Heartbreak" containing over 100,000 words, on the back of an ordinary cabinet photograph.

ART SHOWS PART OF U. S. IN WAR

Pictures by American Painters Tell Story of Expeditionary Force's Activities.

GRIM REMINDER OF TRAGEDY

Among Scenes Depicted Are Ruined French Villages Made Sacred Forever to Americans Because of Lives Given to Save Them.

Washington.—The story of the American expeditionary force is told in pictures on the walls of the National museum, here in a permanent exhibit just opened to the public.

Drawn from life in paint, pen and ink or pencil by American artists commissioned and sent to the front for that purpose, the collection of nearly 300 studies detailing almost every phase of life in the army overseas is spread over the walls of half a dozen great, well-lighted rooms. It is a tale of stirring action which they disclose.

Among the scenes depicted are ruined French villages made sacred forever to Americans because of lives given to save them.

Washington.—The story of the American expeditionary force is told in pictures on the walls of the National museum, here in a permanent exhibit just opened to the public.

GRIM REMINDER OF TRAGEDY

Here and there are grim reminders of the great tragedy in groups of huddled dead in wrecked enemy trenches over which the tide of victory had poured. Again, half glimpsed through a downpour of rain, a frudging, sudden infantry column is moving onward through a fog of mud as the artist saw it; or an endless line of weary gun teams drags forward the batteries to blast the road to triumph.

PRINCESS IN EXILE

At one point the artist caught and held for his fellow countrymen the breathless tenseness of a forest outpost, peering through the leafy screen of his cover toward the enemy lines, his rifle braced close, with fingers clinched over the trigger; at another a slash of light from a half-opened door has painted on the screen of night just a hint at a column, tramping on toward battle, just a young face or two in the line—worn, dirty, but with jaws grim set with purpose. Again it is a hospital that has gripped the artist's imagination, a twisted, writhing form under the tumbled blanket, with agony in every line and over it the steady-eyed surgeon or the merciful figure of an army nurse.

WARS IMPLEMENTS DISPLAYED

In rooms around the picture display are shown all the countless things with which the army and the navy dealt in the war; the guns, the bombs, the uniforms of ally and enemy alike, captured weapons and German war gear of many kinds. These form a striking setting for the epic tale the war artists have pictured, probably the only such record ever assembled, for it began with the army and runs on to the departure of the homeward transports at the close.

Artists who made the pictures, all of whom held the rank of captain in the American expeditionary force, include Wallace Morgan, Ernest Peixotto, Julius Andre Smith, Harry E. Townsend, Harvey Dunn, Walter J. Duncan, all of New York city; William J. Aylward, Fairport, N. Y., and George M. Harding, Wynnewood, Pa.

FLEES HOSPITAL TO WED

Ex-Yeomanette III From Worry When Parents Refuse Consent to Marriage.

Hartford, Conn.—Following an elopement after the bride had escaped from her sick bed in a hospital Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Everett Hall were found at the home of the bridegroom's parents in Niantic, Conn., a few miles west of New London.

The elopement was the sequel to a wartime romance begun when Miss Eleanor Higgins of 58 Sargent street, this city, daughter of Capt. Robert B. Higgins, U. S. N., was a yeomanette and Hall, a trolley car conductor, was a soldier.

During the war the couple became engaged. After her discharge from the service Miss Higgins valiantly tried to obtain her parents' consent to her marriage, and finally became seriously ill. At the Hartford hospital it was said she was suffering from nervous exhaustion and worry. She had been there about six weeks.

WANTS TO BE "NOSE ARTIST" WITH ARTIFICIAL TIP

Prague.—A poor devil asked Professor Schlosser to "cut off his nose" so that he can become a "nose artist." He had heard of the remarkable success the surgeon recently had in making a new tip for a man who had lost the end of his nose by transplanting skin and muscle from the forehead. The patient can move the restored tip in every direction—up, down, right, left, and even raise it like a tapir.

BEAR HEAVY LOAD

Some of the Trials of Present-Day Executives.

MAN WHO COMPLAINED THAT THERE WERE NO EFFICIENT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Had Some Excuse for His Bitterness—Trouble is Moral.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, WHEN I HAD JUST BEEN PROMOTED TO MY FIRST REAL JOB, I CALLED ON A BUSINESS FRIEND OF MINE. HE IS A WISE AND EXPERIENCED HANDLER OF MEN. I ASKED HIM WHAT SUGGESTIONS HE COULD MAKE ABOUT EXECUTIVE RESPONSIBILITY, WRITES BRUCE BURTON, IN THE IED BOOK.

"YOU ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A GREAT DISCOVERY," HE SAID. "WITHIN A WEEK OR TWO YOU WILL KNOW WHY IT IS THAT EXECUTIVES GROW GRAY AND DIE BEFORE THEIR TIME. YOU WILL HAVE LEARNED THE BETTER TRUTH THAT THERE ARE NO EFFICIENT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD."

I AM STILL VERY FAR FROM ADMITTING THAT HE WAS RIGHT, BUT I KNOW WELL ENOUGH WHAT HE MEANT. EVERY MAN KNOWS, WHO HAS EVER BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR A PIECE OF WORK OR HAD TO MEET A PAY ROLL.

RECENTLY ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE BUILT A HOUSE. THE MONEY TO BUILD IT REPRESENTED A DIFFICULT PERIOD OF SAVING ON THE PART OF HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE; IT MEANT OVERTIME WORK AND SELF-DISCIPLINE, AND EXTRA EFFORT IN BEHALF OF A LONG-CHEERLED DREAM.

ONE DAY WHEN THE WORK WAS WELL ALONG HE VISITED IT, AND SAW A WORKMAN CLIMBING A LADDER TO THE ROOF WITH A LITTLE BUNCH OF SHINGLES IN HIS HANDS.

"LOOK HERE," THE FOREMAN CRIED, "CAN'T YOU CARRY A WHOLE BUNDLE OF SHINGLES?"

THE WORKMAN REGARDED HIM SULLENLY.

"I SUPPOSE I COULD," HE ANSWERED, "IF I WANTED TO DO THE JOB."

BY "DO THE JOB" HE MEANT "DO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK."

MEANWHILE THE ROMANIAN GOVERNMENT IS MAKING A DETERMINED EFFORT TO STAMP OUT THE NEW INDUSTRIES OF RUNNING DOWN MONEY OVER HER FRONTIERS AND TRADING IT FOR TELES.

PRINCESS IN EXILE

Little Princess Catherine, daughter of former King Constantine and ex-Queen Sophie of Greece, playing in the streets of Lucerne, Switzerland, where the Greek royal family is living in exile. They live in a hotel like ordinary tourists.

1,362,872 FRENCH KILLED

Final Figures Given on Tricolor's Total Dead in the Great European War.

PARIS.—Final official statistics of the ministry of war fixes the total number of French soldiers killed during the great war at 1,362,872. Of this number the details of the fate of 301,851 are unknown.

REDUCTION OF MILITARY SERVICE TO LESS THAN TWO YEARS IS IMPOSSIBLE AT THE PRESENT TIME, SAID M. LEFEBVRE, MINISTER OF WAR, WHILE EXPLAINING THE MAIN POINTS OF THE PROJECTED REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY TO THE MILITARY COMMITTEE OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

USE OF FRENCH TROOPS IN THE ORIENT WAS DISCUSSED BY THE MINISTER, WHO DECLARED THAT FORCES NOW IN THE NEAR EAST NUMBERED 70,000 MEN, MOST OF THE ORGANIZATIONS THERE BEING COLONIAL REGIMENTS.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A BABY WILL MAKE LOVE STRONGER,

DAYS SHORTER, NIGHT LONGER, BANK-ROLL SMALLER, HOME HAPPIER, CLOTHES SHABBLIER, THE PAST FORGOTTEN, AND THE FUTURE WORTH LIVING FOR.—OFFICE TOPICS.

PLANTING TREES ON PRAIRIES.

IN ORDER TO DEMONSTRATE TO FARMERS ON THE PLAINS THE ADVISABILITY AND FEASIBILITY OF PLANTING TREES ON THE PRAIRIES OF THE WEST, THE CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION IS SENDING A DEMONSTRATION CAR ON A TOUR OF THE THREE WESTERN PROVINCES. A RAILWAY COACH IS BEING FITTED UP WITH A MOVING PICTURE OUTFIT, LECTURE HALL, AND A INFANTIL

Comment of the Week

Officially Notified of Nomination

Marion last week. The wisdom of selecting the Senator as the standard bearer of the party is reflected in his speech of acceptance. That portion of his address that characterized the present Administration as a dictatorial and autocratic one, is a masterly arraignment of the personal rule that has obtained during the past several years in the White House.

"No man is big enough to run this Republic," he said; "there never has been one; such domination has never been intended." These words are but a repetition of what has been uttered by thousands of others. Americans generally had arrived at that conclusion because of the apparent monomania of President Wilson that the minds of those associated with him in the Government should "willingly go along with mine."

In contrast to the Wilson idea of government is that of Candidate Harding. He says: "Our vision includes more than a chief executive; we believe in a cabinet of highest capacity, equal to the responsibilities which our system contemplates, and in whose councils the Vice President, the second official of the Republic, shall be asked to participate."

Mr. Harding also insists that there must be a cordial understanding between the executive and legislative branches of the government and that their activities must co-ordinate and redound to the immediate benefit of all the people.

Wilsonized League of Nations Scored

Giving credit to the Republicans in the Senate for stopping what he claims was "the barter of independent American eminence and influence for an obscure and unequal place in the merged government of the world," Candidate Harding says that this group of men readily sensed the conscience of America. While there is a genuine aspiration in American breasts for tranquil friendship for all the peoples of the world, and while there is a concord of amity and sympathy and fraternity in our every act, yet our paramount duty is to always safeguard the ideals and security of America.

"No surrender of American rights to a world council or its military alliance and no assumed mandatory, however appealing, ever shall summon the sons of this Republic to war," is the way this vigorous American candidate fairly shouts defiance at the Wilsonized League of Nations. "The supreme sacrifice of our boys shall only be asked for America and its call of honor. It is better to be the free and disinterested agent of international justice and advancing civilization, with a covenant of conscience, than be shackled by a written compact which surrenders our freedom and gives to a military alliance the right to proclaim America's duty to the world. We are resolved to preserve this free and independent Republic."

Republicans Will Not Shun Responsibilities

Candidate Harding says that the world will not misconstrue the determination of America to surrender its nationality. "We do not mean to shun a single responsibility of this Republic to world civilization," he says. "There is no hate in the American heart. We have no envy, no suspicion, no aversion for any people in the world. We hold to our rights, and mean to defend and sustain the rights of this nation and its citizens, everywhere under the sun."

These declarations have but one meaning and that is that the heritage of American nationality is considered of initial importance by the Republican party. To preserve the inviolability of our boundaries, to maintain the principles that guided our destinies aright, and to be ever alert lest the jealousies or greed of foreign nations attempt to undermine our customs or abridge our privileges, is the task that awaits the incoming administration.

The Wilsonized League of Nations and its objectionable Article X must be relegated to the oblivion it deserves. A Congress that is in sympathy with the Republican version of its world duties must be elected if we are to make certain that America of the future shall remain the America of old.

Profiteers Will Soon Receive Attention

The enormous profits exacted from the American consumer and the vicious methods employed by the soulless profiteers in their greed for gain was commented upon. Mr. Harding said that "in all sincerity we promise the prevention of unreasonable profits, and we challenge the profiteering with all the moral force and the legal powers of government and people."

Profiteering and its allied evils have had but little restraint put upon them during the past four years. While it is true that the emergencies of a war will tend to advance prices and cause a lessening in necessary articles of production, it is also true that the burdens we have had to shoulder were not always the direct result of war. Alleged shortages of sugar at six cents per pound were immediately followed by an abundance when the price was tripled; shoes at ten dollars a pair were only of the cheap kind until the fictitious market had collapsed, and better grade ones were bought for half that price. The cessation of hostilities in November, 1918, should have marked the declining point in the high price of commodities, but an inert or incompetent administration had lacked either the desire, the knowledge or the energy to put an end to these abuses.

In Favor of Equal Suffrage

Candidate Harding comes out squarely for woman suffrage, and points out that by the edict of the Republican party, by his own recorded votes and by personal convictions he is unalterably committed to this measure. "The womanhood of America," he says, "always its glory, its inspiration, and its potent, uplifting force in its social and spiritual development, is about to be enfranchised. Insofar as Congress can go, the fact is already accomplished. It is my earnest hope, my sincere desire that the one needed State vote be quickly recorded in the affirmation of the right of equal suffrage."

The plank in the platform adopted at the Chicago convention and the Republican candidate for the presidency is in thorough accord on the principle of the extension of the vote to women. The party has ever been the champion of the "square deal" for all.

The Seven Seas.

Old Kipling consults Hindu mythology when choosing the title for his well-known book, "The Seven Seas." According to the Purans, the earth is circular and flat, like the flower of a water lily. Its circumference is 100,000 miles. In the center is Mount Sumeru.

Many Countries Ahead of Us.

In normal times Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain and Portugal all publish more books in proportion to population than the United States publishes, and their books have a wider circulation.

NO. 1308 Reserve District No. 1

REPORT

Of the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, June 30, 1920.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including overdrafts unsecured	\$16,419.01
Overdrafts secured	507.44
Deposited to secure circulation	67.44
U. S. bonds payable	10,000.00
Owner and unpledged	1,000.00
Total U. S. government securities	20,100.00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged	81,678.75
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S. bonds	83,378.75
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock	1,400.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (60 per cent. of capitalization)	1,100.00
Value of bank stock owned and unpledged	2,700.00
Equity in banking house	20,700.00
Capital reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	42,162.23
Cash in vault and net amounts due from National Banks	71,005.13
Exchanges for clearing house	1,000.65
Deposits held with U. S. Treasury and due from U. S. Treasurer	8,500.00
Interest earned but not collected —approximate—on notes and bills receivable not past due	3,315.00
Total	\$789,619.25
Liabilities	Dollars
Capital stock paid in	\$120,000.00
Undivided profits	18,302.63
Less current expenses	60,000.00
Interest and taxes paid	10,202.15
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,850.00
Circling notes outstanding	107,500.00
Certified checks outstanding	2,100.47
Individual depositors sub- ject to check	1,274.48
Certificates of deposits due in less than 90 days, other than for money borrowed	15,806.12
Withdrawals unpaid	11,692.05
Bills payable other than with Federal Reserve Bank, (in- cluding all obligations repre- senting money borrowed other than rediscounts)	15,000.00
Total	\$789,619.25
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, I. Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the aforesaid statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier,	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July, 1920.	
PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.	
Correct—Attest:	
GEORGE W. SHIERMAN, WILLIAM W. COVILL, WILLIAM P. GARR,	
Directors.	

Dr. Joseph E. Redden of Springfield, Mass., commander of the American Legion post in that city, announces that he will be a candidate for state commander of the legion at the annual state convention, scheduled for Springfield in the last week in August. He served as a Lieutenant in the navy during the war.
For the last six years the hulls of what were once the palatial passenger steamers Pilgrim and Puritan have been lying at anchor in the upper harbor, New London, Ct., awaiting conversion into tankers or barges. They are now being junked by the Scott Wrecking Company, who bought them from the New England Navigation Company.
If the suffrage amendment is not soon ratified by the necessary 36th state, Vermont suffragists will appeal to the United States supreme court to declare illegal Gov. Clement's veto of the presidential suffrage bill passed by the Vermont Legislature last year. This was announced in a statement issued at suffrage state headquarters in Burlington.
John J. Craig of Quincy, who was driving the truck which injured former Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, at the Bayside playgrounds, was arraigned before Associate Justice Pratt in the district court at Hingham. He was charged with operating an automobile so as to endanger public safety. The case was continued until Sept. 21 and bail was fixed at \$400.
David Nicoll Cant, after toiling for other men for 20 years, has suddenly come into enough money to buy a large farm of his own, for he will share the \$1,000,000 estate left by his father in Dundee, Scotland, with his three sisters and two brothers. After a seven year search, when the courts of Scotland were about to declare him legally dead, he has been located in Boylston, Mass.
Provincetown will begin its celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary on August 29 and the local committee is perfecting plans to make that week notable in the international program of observances. The celebration will be coincident with the beginning of exercises in Holland, and the Sulgrave Institution, which is cooperating in the across-the-water event, will also assist at Provincetown.
The McIntosh apple crop is being severely injured by apple scab. Recent inspection by County Agent A. R. Jenks of the Middlesex County Bureau of Agriculture, Waltham, Mass., seems to show that about two-thirds of the prospective yield is already infested so badly that the apples will be saleable only for culinary purposes. This means thousands of dollars loss to growers. This popular fruit is bound to be scarce and high in price to the consumer this fall. The county bureau has been instrumental in saving a lot of the crop through a series of meetings last spring at which it was recommended that the growers substitute home-made Bordeaux mixture for the usual lime sulphur. Orchardists who tried the material report no damage as yet and are entirely satisfied with their results.
While touring in northern New England in an automobile, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Oberg of Clayton, Mass., came upon a large black animal which completely blocked the roadway through Cavendish Gorge, Vt. Said animal took no notice of instant tootings of the horn and the autoists pressed closer. Whereupon, the animal, a big, ugly she-bear, reared on her haunches and uttered battle. Brakes and reverse gear sent the little auto back to a safe distance.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 6, 1920. Estate of Benjamin T. Coe
AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Ben- jamin T. Coe, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and is duly received, ordered to be read at 10 o'clock a.m. on the 15th day of July, in said Probate Court Room, in said New Shore- ham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
7-17
Office of Probate Clerk of New Shoreham, R. I., July 13, 1920. Estate of Benjamin T. Coe
AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Ben- jamin T. Coe, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, with a notice of the same, duly filed, by the testator. Notice is hereby given that the same will be considered on the 2d day of Aug- ust, 1920, at 3 o'clock p.m., in the Prob- ate Court Room in said New Shoreham. All persons interested are hereby invited to appear, if they see fit, at said time and place and be heard in relation to the same.
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.
7-17
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS Newport Sc.
Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court Newport, July 31, 1920.
WHEREAS, Festus M. Franklin, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has died in the State Hospital, having been admitted for a disease from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Festus M. Franklin and Cassie Franklin, now in parts to said Festus M. Franklin unknown on which said petition an order of no record has been entered;
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.
SARAH ALBINA LATHAN, Executrix.
7-17-21
ADMINISTRATION NOTICE Newport, July 31, 1920.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the estate of Festus M. Franklin, deceased, will be admitted to probate in the Probate Court of the County of Newport, on the 3d day of August, 1920, at 10 o'clock a.m., in the Superior Court of said County, Newport, R. I., whose address is No. 22 Thames Street, my agent in the State of Rhode Island.
SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.
7-31-6w
ADMINISTRATION NOTICE Newport, July 31, 1920.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Pro- bate Court of the City of Newport Admin- istrator of the estate of JAMES VEE, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond accordingly.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.
ALTON F. COGGESHALL, Administrator.
Narragansett Ave. Phone 2020
GURINE WOODS.

Inca Stonework.
That which is claimed to be the finest stonemason work in the world is to be seen in the ruins of Inca palaces in Cuzco, Peru. Not even a needle can be inserted between the great blocks. The microscope shows that these stones were wrought with tools of chisel, an alloy of copper and tin.
Kept Busy on Social Calls.
The wife of a member of congress can discharge her social duty in the cabinet in nine calls, but a cabinet woman must pay more than \$50 if she makes only one call during the season on each senatorial and con- gressional household.
New Guinea Love Tokens.

When a New Guinea woman falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother. Then the lady who receives the string tells the fa- vored man the particular woman is in love with him.
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NO. 1308 THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND
REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1920

RESOURCES			
Loans and Discounts	\$567,200.48		
Notes and bills discounted (other than bank acceptances sold),	7,200.00		
Oversights, unsecured, \$650.62			
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation			